

ipo *Studies French and English*

or again, we see the gardener's wife
standing proudly
upon her privileges:

'Why "Lonicera" wilt thou name thy child?'
I asked the Gardener's wife in accents mild.
'We have the right', replied the sturdy dame,
And Lonicera was the infant's name.

Miranda the blue-stocking aspires to
mathematics:

She thought indeed the higher parts sublime;
But then they took a monstrous deal of time.

The tactful wife leads her husband with a
velvet glove:

She only begg'd to rule in small affairs,
And ease her wedded lord of common cares,
Till he at length thought every care was
small,
Beneath his notice, and she had them all.

The toad-eating nephew waits to inherit
from his aunt:

'They taught you nothing; are you not at
best',
Said the proud Dame, 'a trifler and a jest?
Confess you are a fool!' He bow'd and he
confess'd.

This vex'd him much, but could not always
last:

The Dame is buried, and the trial past.

This simple country clergyman, it appears,
was something
of a wit; at times, a bitter one:

'I speak my mind, I love the truth', quoth he;
Till 'twas his fate that useful truth to find,
*Tis sometimes prudent not to speak the mind.

'How well my father liv'd!' she says. 'How
well,
My dear, your father's creditors could tell.'

To those who do not know Crabbe
intimately, it must
always seem most extraordinary that Jane
Austen should
have said she could imagine herself as Mrs.
Crabbe.¹ It

f. Elton quotes an amusing passage from one
of her letters:
*I have never seen the death of Mrs. Crabbe. . . .
Poor woman!
I will comfort him as well as I can, but I do not
undertake to be good
to her children . . . she had better not leave any.'